no. 4

Liſarda;

OR, THE

TRAVELS

OF

Love and Jealouſy.

A

NOVEL.

In Two Parts.

By *H. C.* Gent.

Licenſed, *Sept.* 30th 1690.

Rob. Midgley.

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TO THE

Honourable

James Levinſton, Eſq;

SIR,

IT is ſo Cuſtomary a thing, the Dedications of Books to Perſons of Quality; Eſpecially, where the Author hath receiv'd any Obligations, that I might have been thought ſingular, had I not found ſome Perſon, to

whom Obligations had requir'd an Acknowledgment; and whose Judgment and Approbation might have been sufficient to Countenance my Book. That, Sir, I hope will excuse my Presumption of Introducing *Lisarda* to you; A Lady, who though Vertuous to a Superlative, yet Unfortunate, till the Consummation of her Marriage with Don *Ricardo*, and the greater Happiness of attaining the Honour to be Presented to you; fear-

ful leaſt her Misfortunes might follow her here into *England*, and that many might blame that here, for want of knowing the Cuſtoms of *Spain*, which there is not thought a fault, no not a venial one: She fears our Ladies might be offended with ſo much forwardneſs in Spaniſh Women, which for want of a Spaniſh Confinement, they are not Guilty of themſelves: Theſe thoughts are what troubled her, till now that I aſſur'd her, You

were too Courteous to refuſe your Patronage to a Lady. But while ſhe is thus happy in your Protection, give me leave to aſſure you, That I am, Moſt Intirely,

Sir,

Your Devoted Friend,

and humble Servant,

H. COX.

TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

I *Have offer'd you this Book without the Commands of any Perſon of Quality, or the urgent deſires of any Friend, only for my own Pleaſure, and perhaps a little for my Profit; beſides, I think it a pleaſant thing, though I ſhall not impoſe this Opinion on any one, nor think my ſelf oblig'd to him who favours it; do but buy it, and let the Bookſeller take your money; then Curſe it, Damn it, and the Author, throw it away, or what you pleaſe. Nor have I omitted*

my Name for fear of the Criticks, who I desire to have no more mercy on the Book, when once bought, than they have of their own unpitied Souls, who likely they may damn, by way of affirming the poor ignorant Author for a Blockhead, a Dunce, and Fool, with a long Et cætera of their ironical Titles; a thing that he'll but smile to hear, so that his Expectations are but answer'd, and the Book sells: And though likely you may be one of this ungrateful Gang; yet however, I will speak so much, and for the better understanding of it as I think convenient; partly to satisfie you in some particulars, but more for my own satisfaction: I must tell you, the Scene being in Spain, I have been feign to give them Foreign Characters, although the Haughtiness of the Spanish

humour, and their aptneſs to be Jealous, is a daily Diſcourſe here in England. *Yet leaſt you ſhould think my Don* Ricardo *and the reſt, to deviate in good manners and ſenſe, when they ſhow thoſe inſeparable qualities to the* Spaniard, *when they ſpeak ſo much in their own Praiſe; I muſt advertiſe you, that Cuſtom permits that there, which would be very ridiculous here; nor would I have you wonder at the forwardneſs of my Ladies, for they being depriv'd of that Liberty our Engliſh have, they make uſe of the Occaſion, and always are very forward in their Courtſhip; they without difficulty, will meet the Man they like, half-way; and 'tis not altogether uncommon there, for them to tell a Man at firſt ſight they are in love with him; and now I think I have ſaid enough, except*

except I ſhould further tell you, that as you uſe me now, ſo ſhall I treat with you hereafter; either by writing more, if you Damn this, to vex you and pleaſe my ſelf, or not writing: I know not why nor wherefore, but as the fancy takes me.

God b' y' heartily.

Li-

Liſarda;

OR, THE TRAVELS OF Love and Jealouſy.

CLara *Liſarda*, a Lady but of ſixteen years of Age, Beautiful, Diſcreet, and one that had ſixteen thouſand Dollars for a Portion; was born in *Andaluzia*, of Illuſtrious Parents: Now the Poſſeſſors of Youth and Riches we know are never homely, eſpecially the latter is ſo attractive a Virtue, that that it ſelf is capable to gild all Imperfections;

perfections; ſo that you need not queſtion the number of Pretenders to this Lady, being every way well qualified; but however, amidſt the throng of her Adorers, there was not one could reaſonably think himſelf in a higher place of her regard than another; ſhe was civil to them all, nor was there any one of them, that ever pretended to her, but hop'd with the reſt; however ſhe carried her ſelf with ſuch indifference, that none could complain, nor envy another; yet with all young Women ſhe very much deſir'd the happy hour, that might perfect her frame, and ſatisfie a certain deſire of ſomething nature did dictate to her, for which end a thouſand hovering thoughts advertis'd her, ſhe was born, and that without this (ſhe knew not what) ſhe ſhould never be happy: a thouſand wiſhes and deſires, Curioſity it ſelf urging her to haſte the experiment of Joys, ſpoke to be ſo great, that the moſt copious

Language is too ſcanty to expreſs. She many times would alone, at that inſtant, when each little *Fibre* of her Soul ſhot forth, warm'd by that vernal Sun that ſtill invites thoſe of her tender years to new-born Appetites, diſcreetly reaſon in the following manner.

Who is it can penetrate the heart and thoughts of Man, being ſo various, that the diſpoſitions of moſt are changed as often as they change their Company; and yet as uncertain as their humours are, ſo certain is it my years require me to accept of one for a Husband? What ſhall I do then? ſhall I plunge my ſelf into life-laſting Miſeries to gratifie my wiſhes, and pleaſe my Parents?

Two things there are to invite Pretenders, my Perſon, or my Eſtate; My Perſon, No. It is not that; for I know many in this City, if not more Noble, yet far beyond me in Perfections; and becauſe they are poor, Lovers are not only wanting, but even thoſe that in jeſt ſhould offer Marriage. Why then, if

'tis my Portion does theſe wonders, I find it hard to marry a Man who wooes not me but my Eſtate; and yet could I bear with this, (for Ambition is ſo grown into the World, that there muſt be a new Creation to find diſintereſs'd men:) who can aſſure their ſelves of their manners, where there are ſo many Cheats. In the time of wooing the moſt vicious appears a Saint, and deteſts all Vice: with what proteſtations doth the inconſtant at that time avouch his Conſtancy? and how aſſured of his Miſtreſs's Vertue is the Gallant, when many times afterwards, he proves murderouſly troubleſome with his Jealouſy; and all, how falſe ſoever, call Heaven to witneſs the ſincerity of their Love: O! how they Adore, Admire, Eſteem, with many other ſuch like terms, till they have got their aim. His Friend ſtiles him vertuous, good, &c. His Relations will ſay that for him, He is good natur'd, and given to no remarkable Vice; another as a gallant young Gentleman; Nay the Maid, the young Ladies Confident, hath had the itching of

her Palms anſwer'd, to give her good word, and all this to her coſt, who takes him for better and for worſe; and gives her hand and heart to an Enemy, who either impairs the Eſtate by Gaming, or proves very ill humour'd, or what is worſe, grows weary of the Perſon that adores him; ſo oppoſite are the humours of many Men to reaſon, that they never love leſs than when they are moſt belov'd: thus it is with us poor Women, who fill'd with hopes of continued unſpeakable Joys, many times throw our ſelves into continued and unexpreſſible Miſeries. Suffer it not, O Heavens! Deſire it not, O Parents! For rather will I end this Life by a draught of Poyſon, or Poniard, than marry, without making, not only for Months, but for Years, a ſufficient Enquiry into the Manners of him who is to be my Husband.

Thus reaſon'd our diſcreet young Lady, and thus reſolv'd not to marry; yet leaſt ſhe ſhould erre in her Election, or rather becauſe Love was but juſt conceiv'd in her Maiden Breaſt,

Breaſt, and had not yet ſtrength capable of any more than directing that little Affection (ſhe thought Friendſhip) to *Ricardo Antonio*, a Gentleman ſo well accompliſht, and of ſo great Parts, that in the judgment of the whole City, he was only worthy to be *Liſarda*'s Husband, and ſhe only deſerving to be his Bride. At this time the City was oblig'd to Feaſts, in that to ſhew their Joy for the Union between the two Crowns of *France* and *Spain*; Exchanging the two Beautiful Princeſſes *Iſabel* and *Juana*, that with the tie of affinity their Friendſhip might be laſting. The Feaſts were ſo much the richer, foraſmuch as all the Rival-Servants of our Lady, with Emulation, ſet themſelves forth, without regard of Expences; ſo that for many days were great Bonefires, Balls, Masks, and to end this Solemnity, there were prepar'd twelve Bulls of the largeſt ſize; this is a ſport that the *Spaniard* extremely delights in. *Ri-*

ca-

cardo on the laſt day of the Bulls was reſolv'd to ſhow his Activity, and to that intent, in the Morning, when the numerous throngs of People ſurrounded the Liſts, appear'd well mounted, with a Spear in his hand, applauded by all except *Liſarda*, who was concern'd to ſee him running into ſo imminent danger. 'Twas now Love was reſolv'd to dally no longer, and took this occaſion to make *Liſarda* know, that even ſhe with all her Charms, could not withſtand his Pleaſure; for now, though ſhe knew not why ſhe ſhould be more concern'd for *Ricardo* than for the reſt of his Competitors; but willing to deceive her ſelf (a frailty common to humane nature) ſhe fanſied it only a tender Friendſhip. She was ſo griev'd and uneaſy, that ſhe became reſtleſs. A terrible Bull was let looſe into the Liſts, when, according to Cuſtom, the People gave a ſhout, which ſo angred the haughty Animal, that caſting his fiery Eyes on *Fulgen-*

cio, *Ricardo* he ran at him with ſuch fury, that ſtriking his Pointed Horns in his Horſe, he toſs'd Horſe and Man in the Air. At the ſight of this *Liſarda* ſounded, and was feign to be carried home.

Every one was concern'd at this Tragical Miſchance, but eſpecially *Ricardo*, who, enraged to ſee no one run to the aſſiſtance of this Gentleman, who though he was his Rival, Generoſity urg'd to endanger his own Life to reſcue his; therefore throwing his Spear, it went ſo ſtrongly from the hand of the Caſter, that it travers'd the Body of the Beaſt; who now more furious than before, ran with a full Career at *Ricardo*, but he nimbly drawing his Sword, and opportunely lifting his hand as he went to gore the Horſe, gave ſo ſtrong a blow, that he clove his Scull, and left him at the Horſes Feet, confeſſing that the ſtrongeſt muſt ſurrender to the Fortunate; at this the whole Neighbouring Fields Echo'd with

the loud ſhouts of the gladded People, while *Ricardo* lighting from his Horſe, lookt up to the Window where *Liſarda* ſate; but his Servants telling him that they ſaw her carried away in a ſwound when the Bull ſo fiercely attacqued *Fulgencio*, he concluded he was the Choſen from among the Crowd of her Adorers, and running to help him up, taking him by the Arm, ſaid, Sir, Your fall to you is like that of *Saul*, for it hath made known your Election; and ſo retir'd extreamly diſcontented to his Lodging: where we'll leave him complaining of his hard Fate, and return to *Liſarda*, who as ſoon as ſhe had recover'd from her ſwound, was acquainted how bravely *Ricardo* had reſcu'd *Fulgencio*, and kill'd the Bull; and withall, that he intended to Encounter a ſecond in the Afternoon; this perplext her extreamly, and reſolving, that rather one ſhould gueſs at her Love, than thouſands know it, by the evident demonſtrations of

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her weakneſs, ſhe reſolv'd to write to him, and retiring from Company, ſhe ſet Pen to Paper to the following purpoſe.

To *Ricardo Antonio.*

A Certain Friend of yours, who hath been this two years perſwaded you low'd her, and one who hath a greater eſteem for your Life than your ſelf, ſince you venture it ſo raſhly, that ſhe can't look on without pity, hath deſir'd me to beg you'd do her the pleaſure to day, to ſee the Feaſt, and not be an Actor in them. If your Gallantry are the endeavours to gain her, know ſhe is already yours; but if it is with deſign to pleaſe any other Lady, know that you are ungrateful: Your diſobedience will undeceive her; this I deſire of you for the love ſhe bears you, which is not a little, ſince the danger you was in this Morning hath coſt her much grief and trouble; this ſhe deſires, adverti ſing you withal, if ſhe is now deny'd, ſhe will take her

leave of ever asking any favour of you in all her life.

Clara Liſarda.

When this Letter came to *Ricardo* by a continued thought of what had paſt, he had arrived almoſt to the height of deſpair, Curſing himſelf, and the hour he firſt ſaw *Liſarda*, and as the Servant knockt at the Door, he had juſt drawn a Poniard, with intention to have ended his Life, but hearing ſome body at the door, he ſtopt and liſten'd, knowing the Servants Voice, himſelf ran, and the Servant deliver'd into his own hand the Letter, which he retired to read, bidding the Servant wait an Anſwer. A thouſand thoughts peſter'd him, he knew not what to make of the Letter; the Directions he knew to be *Liſarda*'s writing, but never having receiv'd, nor heard ſhe had ever writ to any of her Lovers before, he conjectur'd it was to diſcard him;

ſince ſhe had made her choice of *Fulgencio*, leaſt ſhe might give him Ombrage, or cauſe Jealouſy, by entertaining ſtill her old Suitors, ſhe had writ to them all to forbear their vain Endeavours. This now paſt for granted, and he was reſolv'd not to open the Letter, leaſt it might draw Effeminate tears into his Eyes, therefore retaking his Poniard, he ſaid, Come welcome ſteel, thy ſharpneſs is much eaſier to be endur'd, than to ſee the happineſs of my Rival; End my Miſery; and as he was going to ſtrike, ſays he, No. Though thy Charms hath made me miſerable to that degree, that to avoid that ſucceeding Chain of Miſeries that muſt needs follow, I will end my life. Yet in my laſt hour ſuch is my Conſtancy, I will kiſs thy Name, paying my laſt devoir to the ſign of my cruel Sentence, ſubmitting ----- More he would have ſaid, but having open'd the Letter to kiſs the name, he could not ſo confine his ſight but he read

theſe

theſe laſt words, *If ſhe is denied, ſhe will take her leave of ever asking any Favour of you in all her Life:* he ponder'd on them, but not being able to underſtand them, Curioſity lead him to read the reſt, the better to underſtand the meaning of that line, but each word and ſyllable did not only change his Melancholy, but added to the firſt ſo many tranſports of Joy, that he was not able to contain himſelf, but running to the Entry where the Servant was waiting, with a rich Diamond, and ſome gold, he paid the Bearer, deſiring her to ſtay but a moment longer, till he could write, which by reaſon of his exceſs of Joy he was not ſo well able to do, wanting that ſedateneſs requir'd, but as it was, here I give you the Copy.

To *Lisarda.*

IF the endangering my Person will occasion any uneasiness in you, for that same favour I would hazard it a thousand times: but not to anger you (your Friend I mean) from this moment I desist from my intent, and thank your loving pity; this Complement, though I know not if I hit right, in calling of it pity, for excuse me to go into the Lists, that there I might see those sparkling Eyes, is a blessing I with much difficulty receed. But I had forgot, your Woman stays, and I stay, she for an Answer, and I that this might come to your hands, and that you may not take leave of asking me, but begin to command me as your Spouse (I was going to say), but as your Slave I mean.

Ricardo Antonio.

This Letter was extreamly pleasing to *Lisarda*; but, O Heavens!

who can expreſs the tranſports and ecſtaſies it caus'd in *Ricardo*; now the Feaſt was really a paſtime to her, while to him 'twas tedious, he thinking he ſhould never ſoon enough breath his thanks with gentle whiſpers in her tender Ears; in ſhort, he was ee'n mad with content, for the exceſs of all Paſſions is a real madneſs. The hour being come to return to the Feaſts, he went, and by good luck was invited by *Fulgencio* to ſit in his Window, which was next to that where *Liſarda* ſate; 'tis impoſſible to tell you the agreeable meetings of their Eyes, who, if by chance ſhe glanc'd any other way, as if ſo much pretious time was loſt, with eager haſt they return'd to their belov'd object. *Fulgencio* at firſt minded the Game, but having turn'd three or four times to ask his Friend his Opinion of ſuch and ſuch haps, he ſtill found him looking towards *Liſarda*; this made him take notice of them, and then, to his great Confuſion, he

ſaw

ſaw the reciprocal kindneſs between them; at this he was in ſo great a Paſſion, that with much difficulty could he contain himſelf within the compaſs of Diſcretion, Envy, Jealouſy, Anger, and a thouſand other Paſſions tore his Breaſt; in ſhort, he found them prevailing over his Reaſon, and leaſt by ſeeing more it ſhould be overpower'd, and that not being a fit place for a quarrel or diſturbance, he ſlunk away without ſaying any thing, however all the time of the Feaſt our Lovers were too buſy to perceive it; minding nothing but what each one thought moſt charming in his Object: How unwilling were they to be going when the Feaſt was ended? and though they ſaw nothing of it, nor were at all delighted at that, yet were they extreamly ſorry it ended ſo ſoon; but at laſt, with much regret, they parted; it not being the Cuſtom in *Spain*, that of offering ones Service to wait on a Lady home; and it is a great favour if he

is permitted to see her, though in Company with her Father or Mother.

Ricardo being at home, and his head fill'd with nothing but thoughts of his Happiness, he bethought himself of a young Woman he had long kept, and considering if *Lisarda* should hear of it, it might be his ruine in her good thoughts, and a let to his Marriage with her, which now he thought sure; for so 'tis in that Country, the discovery of the Womans love seldom precedes a whole Week to their Marriage; therefore the Person he had not visited but kept since his love to *Lisarda*, out of meer honour, he went to see her now with intention to rid her out of the Town, and in some distant place give her an allowance sufficient to maintain her, but no sooner he enter'd the door, but she with a thousand reproaches, upbraided him with his unkindness; and 'tis common with these sort of Women to think, if a

Man

Man keeps them a while, that he is from that time tyed to them, and they may domineer; especially *Donna Clara*, for so was her Name, being of a good Family, but debaucht by one that left her, who now to shun the indignation of her Kindred, was feign to make a Trade and Livelyhood of that way. She first began by the meer force of Love, through the unkindness of her Parents, who would not consent to the match. She really lov'd *Ricardo*, and her Love urged her to be the severer, nor would she hear him speak, but threatned to tear *Lisarda* to pieces; this urg'd *Ricardo* to think of another course, so that saying nothing, he went streight to the Corregidors, or Governour of the Town who was his Kinsman, and one that really lov'd him, to him he told the whole affair, and desired his assistance to get rid of her, which he promis'd; then they agreed, that the ensuing night, about eleven a Clock, the Corrigidor

ſhould come with a Coach and Guards, and with a feign'd Warrant ſeize her, and ſend her in a Coach to *Madrid*, where the Guards ſhould leave her. Juſt as *Ricardo* came out of the Houſe he met *Fulgencio*, who taking what he had ſaid in the Liſts, lifting him from the ground as a Jeer, having ſeen ſo reciprocal a kindneſs between the Lovers, at the Feaſt, through Madneſs and Jealouſy, had been ſeeking him to fight him, and therefore now took the opportunity to tell him, without why or wherefore, That he muſt fight him. *Ricardo* told him he could not then, but on the Morrow at twelve at Night, he would be at ſuch a Houſe, and his Whiſtle ſhould be a ſufficient token to know who ſtaid for him, and then he would ſatisfie his deſires; on theſe Promiſes they parted: No ſooner was he come home to his own Houſe, but found a Letter to this purpoſe.

To

To *Ricardo.*

SInce not only by your Letter, but by your behaviour at the Feasts, I must needs conjecture, you think that 'tis my self that loves you, I would see what 'tis you'd do to deserve that love; therefore my Father and Mother being out of Town, in the Morning I'd be glad to hear your Propoſals.

Liſarda.

Ricardo receiv'd this with much joy, and read it ſeveral times; ſuch delight he took in it, kiſſing the Name, and a thouſand times ſqueezing it to his heart; he admir'd the freedom and eaſineſs of the ſtile: in ſhort, ſuch was the ecſtaſie that reſt nor ſleep he could not, but lay meditating all Night on the Charming Miſtreſs of his Heart: how oft did he wiſh 'twas day, and when 'twas day wiſh it were a decent hour to wait on *Liſarda*, feign would go, but ſtill

was afraid it was too early; a thouſand turns he made about the room, and through the eagerneſs of thought walked ſo faſt, one would have thought it had been for a wager; then would he ſtop to tell the Clock, and ſtamp and fume to hear it ſtrike too few. In ſhort, ſurely no Lover was ever in a greater Agony; at laſt he heard nine ſtrike, when with eagerneſs he call'd to his Servant to follow him, and away he went. When he came there, *Liſarda* perhaps with as much impatience was expecting him, ſo that he was Conducted to her Chamber. Their Eyes at the ſight of each other declar'd the joy of their hearts; what paſs'd further in matter of Courtſhip, I will leave every one to gueſs. And only tell you this, The time was agreed on for the Marriage.

But who would think it, that amidſt of all this happineſs, Fortune, whoſe delight ſeems to be baffling our ſureſt hopes, ſhould ſo ſuddenly

Eclipſe

Eclipſe the Amorous Flame of our two Lovers, and that not for a while, but put them in a condition of never performing the Articles agreed between them. Amidſt all the ſweet Diſcourſes and pleaſing words, *Ricardo* bethought himſelf of his troubleſome Miſtreſs, and impatient leaſt it ſhould be diſcover'd; he took his leave of the Vertuous *Liſarda*, not without giving her hopes of ſeeing him again that day; he goes directly to his Servants Houſe, where he kept *Clara Euphegenia*, that being her Name; he came with a very pleaſing Countenance, telling her, that what he ſaid or did yeſterday, was only to try how ſhe lov'd him; this he did that ſhe might not ſuſpect him for what ſhould follow; he din'd with her, and ſtaid with her till near four of the Clock, in which time he ſhow'd ſo much love, and Careſs'd her ſo handſomely, that ſhe could not doubt but he was ſincere; he went to the Corregidors to ſee if all

things

things were ready againſt the hour appointed; from thence he went to *Fulgencio Ricardo*'s Houſe, thinking to anſwer his Challenge then, becauſe he thought at Night he might be too buſy, but not finding him within, he went to paſs a part of the Evening in the Fields; a Servant of *Liſarda*'s ſaw him, and told her Miſtreſs, that ſhe ſaw *Ricardo Antonio* going to walk in ſuch a place; it being duskiſh, and her Father and Mother not at home, ſhe took a Servant with her, thinking to meet him; as ſhe was going out, *Fulgencio Ricardo* was in a Houſe hard by, and ſaw her, and follows her; going into the Fields ſhe paſs'd by the Houſe where her Lover *Ricardo Antonio* entred, and heard him ſay to the Servant who open'd the door, Don't ſhut, for I ſhall be going again. She ſtaid before the door a while, at laſt ſhe bid the Maid ask a Neighbour, who was owner of that Houſe; the honeſt Man told the Maid, that 'twas a Servant

of Don *Ricardo Antonio*'s who ow'd the Houſe, but he believ'd the Maſter had moſt ſport in't; this being told to *Clara Liſarda*, ſhe was curious to know what ſport that might be, and bidding her Maid wait, ſhe went in, but being in the firſt room, the door of the ſecond ſtood half open, from whence our Lady heard theſe words; *Ah, my Dear* Clara, *Don't imagine or think, that I can be falſe to thee; It is to have little Confidente in thine own Charms*; Knowing this Voice to be *Ricardo*'s, ſhe carefully lookt through the opening of the door, and ſaw her Lover lying on *Clara*'s Lap: *O, Ye juſt Powers!* ſaid ſhe to her ſelf, *Is this poſſible! Could ſilly, eaſy* Liſarda *have believ'd it, had not her Eyes and Ears been Witneſſes of his Ingratitude*: Hear ſhe ſtopt hearing *Ricardo* ſpeaking thus: *My Dear* Clara, *I don't deny, that for my Friends ſatisfaction I gave out, and pretended to love* Liſarda, *but that was, that I might with ſecrecy give a full ſcope to my wiſhes, and thy*

Dear

Dear Embraces. What is Liſarda *comparable to thee, but as a falſe Glaſs to a Diamond.* Here *Liſarda*, not having Patience, ruſht into the Room. How much aſtoniſht our Cavallero was, I leave it to the Reader to imagine, while ſhe ſpoke thus.

Beautiful Lady, I can't deny, the Pain, Grief and Trouble, with which I come into your Preſence, for though I would I ſhould have a thouſand Accuſers, my Voice, my Affections, my Colour, my Pain, my troubled Words would diſcover the Cheat; but be not troubled at my coming, for I aſſure you, I have no deſign, if I could, which would be impoſſible, be being withheld by your all-powerful Charms, to rob you of the Gallant, who ſo juſtly enjoys your good will, that you ought to love him for his many good Parts, I mean as to his Body, for as to the reſt, Heaven never fram'd a Man ſo falſe, ſo ungrateful a Creature, that you may pardon me this rudeneſs, and not believe his Vows and Proteſtations. Hear me if it will not be troubleſome to you;

Then taking a Seat, with more Tears than Words, and more Sighs than Tears, her Heart ready to burſt, turning to *Ricardo*, ſhe ſaid, *Think not, Ungrateful Man, that theſe Complaints ſhould be heard by you, were they not uſher'd by force: I am torn with Jealouſy and Rage, and my Heart would burſt if I did not ſpeak.* Here *Ricardo* heard his Signal, and finding *Liſarda* to be in too great earneſt for him to hope, and fearful leaſt *Clara*, in his abſence, might offend her, he ſhut *Clara* in the next Room, and hoping to have comply'd with his honour and return, or rather not know what he did, nor thinking what he was to do, he went down to *Fulgencio*, whom he would have put off for an hour or two, but *Fulgencio* told him, he had had enough of *Liſarda*'s Company, and if he would not go to a more convenient place, he'd give him an occaſion to draw there; *Ricardo* ſeeing himſelf thus preſs'd went with him, where we muſt leave them a-

fighting

fighting, and return to our two Ladies, who while they were diſcourſing through the Door, hearing a noiſe below, *Liſarda*, for fear of being known, Veil'd her ſelf, when immediately the Corregidor came up, and ſeeing her took her for *Dona Clara*, and deliver'd her to the Guards, who put her into the Coach, and carried her towards *Madrid*. In the mean while *Clara*, with her Maid, made their eſcape out of a Window; and as ſhe was going ſhe knew not where, *Fulgencio* meeting her ſuppos'd her to be *Liſarda*, and accoſted her in this manner. *Madam, Might I be never ſo happy in any other Woman, I would not exchange the Hell wherein you have put me, not for that happineſs:* And ſhe miſtaking him for *Antonio*, Anſwer'd, *Then 'twas a great Hell to you to hear my Rival Rage to night. Alas* Antonio, *I thought you could not have been in pain while you poſſeſt my heart; at leaſt you have often told me ſo:* He perceiving ſhe miſtook him for t'other

was overjoy'd, not knowing he himſelf was miſtaken, but on the contrary, by his having ſeen her in the ſtreet go into *Antonio*'s; her diſcourſe of having ſeen him that night, and his ſeeing *Antonio* go in juſt before her, had not any ſcruple, but really thought it was the Perſon he took her for; and ſince ſhe took him for his Rival, not being able to worſt *Antonio* by the Sword, he thought now to revenge himſelf by a trick, and ſo proceeded. *Well, Madam,* ſaid he, *Since we love ſincerely, let me beg of you, before you go further, to give me the aſſurance, you'll be ever mine: How ſhall I do that,* replied *Clara? Why, Madam, for ſeveral urgent reaſons, for your advantage as well as mine, we may be married now, and keep it private till* ---- Here cutting off his words, not having power to contain her ſelf for Joy, ſaid, *Ay, my* Antonio, *I Conſent, You know I can refuſe you nothing.* So preſently they went to a Prieſt, who was at *Fulgencio*'s Devotion, or

rather was devoted to the gold he expected, who married them by the light of one ſingle Lamp that hung i' the Church, ſo that neither perceiv'd their miſtake. Now was *Fulgencio* in his higheſt Orb of bliſs, and wrapt in the delicious thoughts of having ſufficiently reveng'd himſelf of *Ricardo*, who though in the Duel had diſarm'd him, yet Honour had oblig'd him to reſtore his Sword, but he being poſſeſs'd of his Miſtreſs, thought himſelf oblig'd by honour to keep her; and having gratified the Prieſt, he told her, ſhe ſhould not go home that night, but lodge with him; to which ſhe as eaſily conſented, as to the Marriage: What cover'd extreamly the miſtake was, as in all Foreign Countries, having two Names, *Fulgencio* could anſwer by that of *Ricardo*, and deſignedly did ſo, *Clara* was the firſt Name of *Liſarda*'s as well as hers, whom we call by that Name; but now to leave them going, and to return to *Ricardo*, who

was got to his Servants Houſe, not dreaming of what had happen'd, nor indeed reflecting on his own Errour by locking *Clara* up. So that the Corregidor, (had he not found *Liſarda* whom he miſtook for her) could not have accompliſht the deſign, though now 'twas undeſignedly that he had not don't, but committed a groſs errour. *Ricardo* no ſooner entred the Houſe, but he enquir'd for his offended *Liſarda*, to whom the Servant told the miſtake; but how ſhall I deſcribe the Fury, the Madneſs rather, that ſeized him at this News; now had he need of all his Prudence to govern himſelf in this misfortune: He inquir'd for *Clara*, they told him ſhe was alſo gone; he ordered his Horſe preſently to be Sadled, and mounting thereon, he went to the Corregidor's Houſe, told him the miſtake, but deſir'd in all haſte to have Orders to bring her back, which he had no ſooner receiv'd, but Poſted after the Coach in all haſte; he had not got-

ten

ten above three Leagues from the Town, before he had ſight of a Coach, to which he rid up, Crying out, Stay, it is a miſtake, and I have Orders from the Corregidor; ſtill he perceiv'd the Coach todrive on faſter; he knew not what it ſhould be that occaſion'd them to drive from him; but in a little while he overtook them, Commanding the Coach to ſtop, off flew a Piſtol, *Ricardo* lets fly again, and here begins a Fight, for both their Piſtols being diſcharg'd, *Fulgencio* call'd to him, and told him, if he'd diſmount he'd try if Fortune would continue her favours to him, with this our noble *Cavallero* diſmounted, and *Fulgencio* ſtept out of the Coach; but *Ricardo*, a Man of great Dexterity, a ſecond time diſarm'd his Adverſary, and being no leſs Generous than Valiant, return'd him his Sword, and when he came to examine the buſineſs, it was the diſcovery of a double deceit: Firſt inſtead of *Liſarda*, whom both thought

was

was in the Coach, they found *Clara* *Ricardo*'s late Miſtreſs, and to *Fulgentio*'s great perplexity, his now Wife; he no ſooner knew who 'twas but he would have diſown'd her, but in vain, for he had told *Ricardo* in his Capitulation, that on condition he would Promiſe not to meddle with a Lady in the Coach, who he had that Night Married, he would ſurrender, but without that Promiſe, Diſarm'd as he was, the Diſpute ſhould continue, and aſſuring him it was no Perſon ſent by Command of the Corregidor, and conſequently not the Perſon he ſought for; *Ricardo* had granted his Requeſt, deliver'd him his Sword, and went to wiſh the Lady Joy; when, Gods! what a ſurprize was it to him to ſee *Clara*; had he been capable to have receiv'd any Pleaſure amidſt that throng of Vexations, undoubtedly this would have been a great one to ſee himſelf ſo well rid of ſo troubleſome a Miſtreſs; but being two contraries they

are never at once to be found in one Breaſt. *Ricardo* after he had wiſht her Joy, took his leave, telling *Ricardo*, he had beſt make the beſt on't, and ſo bid him farewel; riding away as faſt as poſſible he could to overtake *Liſarda*, which after two hours riding he did, but ſuch was his Love, ſuch was his Grief, and the ſence of his offence, that not able to ſpeak, Floods of Tears ran down from his Eyes; at laſt he made ſhift to tell the Officers that were with her, that he had Orders from the Corregidor to bring that Lady back to Town; and delivering the Paper to them, ſhe told him, that they'd turn after they got to the next Houſe, that they might have light to read by; *Liſarda* was extreamly pleas'd to ſee that the miſtake was likely to give her no further trouble; and as ſoon as they came to a Houſe they wak't the People, and got light; finding they were to return with the Lady, they told *Ricardo*, that if he pleas'd he might

ſtep

ſtep in the Coach, and one of them would take care of his Horſe, which he accepted of, being very well pleas'd with the offer; feign would he have ſpoke and excus'd himſelf with the fair *Liſarda*, but Grief ſo oppreſs'd his Mind, and fear, being conſcious of ſome guilt, depriv'd him of the Power. In the mean while *Liſarda* knew not what to make of theſe unhappy Occurrences of that Night, and was as deſirous to know, could her haughty Soul have permitted her to ask, of one ſhe thought ſo great an Offender againſt her; but nor one, nor t'other, ſaid any thing of the matter. While they both ſate thus ſilent, of a ſudden ſix Men, three at each door of the Coach (having ſent as many before to ſtop it) Preſent their Piſtols in the Coach, ſwearing, if they would not deliver the Lady, they'd Piſtol every Man: although *Ricardo* could not think to be Victor, having none but himſelf, and one of the Guards, the t'other that

mounted

mounted *Ricardo*'s Horſe, having at the ſight of ſo numerous an Enemy rid away, yet he drew his Piſtols, taking one in each hand, gave them no other reply, but ſhot; their Horſes unruly, and themſelves ſtartled at ſo unexpected a thing, beſides the flaſhes having for a while deprived them all of ſight, and the ſhot three of their Lives, *Ricardo* made ſhift to get out of the Coach, ſaying to *Liſarda*, *Madam, I am far from being ſorry for this occaſion, of ſhewing how tenderly I love you; if I live I hope to clear my ſelf of what things have happen'd to night; but if 'tis my fortune to be kill'd, let me beg you to entertain a Charitable Opinion for me:* Then taking the advantage of the unrulineſs of their Horſes which had thrown one, whom *Ricardo* that moment diſpatcht, he fiercely ran at t'other two; in the mean while he heard the Coach go on, and looking back, he receiv'd a Piſtol through his Body, which laid him on the ground, while his

his Enemies rid after the Coach; he feign would have follow'd, but his ſtrength was ſo much diminiſht by the loſs of blood, that he was not able to riſe; and at that time of Night, being ſome diſtance from any Town, there was no hopes of getting help till the Morning; but ſtill his weak ſight follow'd the Coach, and his anxious Mind kept Company with the object of his Vows: *O Gods*, ſaid he, *what is it I muſt endure theſe few moments I have to live; how do my wild thoughts torture my languiſhing Soul: Did but* Liſarda *know the truth, Did ſhe but conceive my intentions that have caus'd all theſe Misfortunes, I might perhaps die with ſome Pleaſure, to know ſhe did not think me that ungrateful falſe Man. O* Liſarda, Liſarda, *had fortune but favour'd me, how might we have been, nay how happy ſhould I eſteem my ſelf in theſe few agonizing minutes. Could I but hear from thy Dear Mouth one kind word to thy unfortunate* Ri----. Here his Speech failed him, and his Breath

Breath ſeem'd ſpent, remaining in the Field without motion. It happen'd the diſcharging ſo many Piſtol ſhot, had given an alarm to two or three Houſes not far diſtant, and though the Cowardly Bores dar'd not to come till they heard no more ſhot, yet thinking now they might ſatisfie their Curioſity, ſince they had heard the Coach drive, and Men galloping after; it began now to grow a little lightſome, the Day drawing near, when theſe Clowns came where the Corps of five Men lay beſmear'd with gore; they began to conſider with themſelves what was beſt to be done, they had a mind to the Plunder, but fear'd ſome ones coming on the rode might deprive them of ſtaying to take their Booty; therefore one ſeeing his Son *Jack* driving a Cart to the Field, call'd to him, and laying the Bodies in the Cart, drove home, where they fell to ranſacking the Corps of the dead Men; but while the reſt were buſy about the

other

other four, one went to handle *Ricardo*, and ſtirring and turning him to pluck of his Cloths, he not being quite dead, but only in a ſwound, it recover'd him, and while the Fellow was about to pluck of his Breeches, he felt ſo ſenſible a Box on the Ear, that it ſtunn'd him; this frightned ſome of the Clowns ſo, that they ran away, while another more hardy and wicked, up with a ſtick, and laid *Ricardo* ſuch a blow on the Head, that down he fell; but now ſee the Guards of the Corregidor enter, and ſeize upon all in the Houſe; for ſome Houſes nearer the Town, having acquainted the Corregidor of what they had heard, he ſent theſe Guards to inquire into the buſineſs, and finding the place where they lay with ſome freſh blood, they follow'd the tracts of the Cart-Wheel, that began in that place, this lead them to the Houſe; they bound the Bores, and laying the Corps in the ſame Cart that brought them, (which

thev

they knew by its being bloody) tying the Bores to the Carts-Tail, and ſo began to drive on; when of a ſudden, *Ricardo* a ſecond time began to recover. He was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd when his faint Eyes beheld himſelf with thoſe Corps in the Cart; with much ado he made ſhift to ſpeak, when one of the Guards hearing knew his Voice, though almoſt as much altered by faintneſs, as his Face by duſt and gore. They preſently took Handkerchiefs, and ty'd up his Wounds. When they came to Town, they put him in a Coach to be carried to his Houſe; and the Bores were carried before the Corregidor, who committed them to Gaol. Many people flock about the Cart, where one knew his Fathers Body, another her Husbands; in ſhort, they all found Friends to mourn for them and bury them; but innumerable were the imprecations laid on the Bores; the whole Town was ſo inrag'd, that as they were going to Gaol, would have tore

them to pieces, the ſevereſt Death to be imagin'd threatned them; the Corregidor being inrag'd at the uſage of his Couſen *Ricardo*, and the people at the uſage of their Friends; ſo that the poor Bores were loaded with Irons, and laid in a Dungeon; where we'll leave them biting their Nails, and Curſing their Misfortunes like diſtracted Men.

The End of the firſt Part.

Li-

Lisarda:

OR, THE

TRAVELS

OF

Love and Jealousy.

PART II.

Florida:

OR, THE

TRAVELS

OF

Love and Jealousy.

PART II.

TO THE READER.

NOW do not I know whether with truth I ſhould begin with Gentle, Courteous, or Kind Reader; for perhaps you deſerve none of theſe Epithets; examine your Conſcience, and if you find your ſelf clear from having abus'd either Book or Author, ſend me but word of it, and I have left ſufficient to have any of thoſe to begin with: But if you had rather ſhow your Wit, and exerciſe your Talent in Criticiſm; perhaps I ſhall give you ſubject enough to work on in this ſecond Part, ſo that you would really be at a loſs, if you have ſpent all your Satyrical Phraſes on the firſt, and prodigally thrown away the laſt Jear your Miſtreſs ſent you on an odd expreſſion ſhe found

you had preferr'd from the Academy of Complements to your Heroick Love Epiſtle; and for a further advancement made it the ridicul'd Interpreter of your Incomprehenſible thoughts; your Lovely Cælia, Aminta, *or what other fine Romantick Names you have beſtow'd on the ſweet Lady. I proteſt, Sir, if ſo, you muſt change your Company, and there wait a fit occaſion to put it off a ſecond time: Or elſe continue ſaying every now and then, with a bonne Grace, But Damn me, Madam, if it ben't very ſilly. This will do; for without doubt, Sir, the Ladies will credit you; and the unknown Author hath but loſt his labour, in thinking to foreſtall you, and be ſatyrical firſt; he'll bemoan the loſs of ſo much pains; and ten to one the next Novel he writes, you will read in the Preface that he hath either hang'd or drown'd himſelf to put the thoughts of it out of his mind.*

Lisarda:

OR, THE TRAVELS OF Love and Jealousy.

PART II.

THE Corregidor daily visited *Ricardo Antonio*, who though his Wounds were by the diligence of Skilful Surgeons almost heal'd, yet none understanding his

continued Diſtemper, nor the means to heal his Heart, he was of a brisk Gallant Man, become extreamly the Contrary; full of thought, and often diſcourſing and muttering to himſelf, that the Corregidor extreamly fear'd Madneſs might be the Conſequence of his reſtleſs Mind; and therefore by all means endeavour'd to recreate him; but this augmented his uneaſineſs, by adding to his grief ſuch things as he ſhunn'd; therefore being wholly Cur'd of his Wounds, he reſolv'd by travel, thinking *Liſarda* loſt, to get rid of his Cordial, though troubleſome Friends; and to this purpoſe, he, with all privacy, got things in a readineſs, and in the duskiſh of the Evening rid out of Town, and in ſhort time arriv'd at *Barcelona*, and finding an opportunity to Embarque, aboard the Gallies of the Great Duke of *Tuſcany*, who were upon their return; before he Embark'd, by Letters he acquainted his Friends of his health, and taking Bills of Exchange

change for *Rome*, he ſet forward.

He acquainted the Captain of the Gally who he was, who treated him with all the Reſpect due to a Perſon of his Merit, and order'd his Lodging in the great Cabbin; where he endeavour'd to divert himſelf with the Lecture of ſome Books he had bought to that purpoſe at *Barcelona*; there was alſo lodg'd another Gentleman near *Ricardo*, whoſe Penſiveneſs and Melancholy, occaſion'd *Ricardo* to take notice of him, and made him deſirous to know the cauſe of his Sadneſs; ſometimes he was ſeen to lift up his Eyes to Heaven, at other times was heard to ſigh and Curſe his adverſe Fortune. One night after the many that *Ricardo* had heard this Gentleman ſigh and groan, when others were bleſs'd with repoſe, and only they two lay a-wake, (for with the grieved there is no pleaſing ſlumbers, nor reſt, but ſuch as Nature by force extorts from their Melancholy hours) *Ricardo* ſaid to him, *Truly*

Sir,

Sir, though you are a ſtranger to me, the trouble I perceive you lie under has extreamly diſturb'd me; for 'tis not a ſmall Portion of Pity that ſhould be beſtow'd on ſo worthy a Gentleman under Affliction, which truly if I could any way remedy, I would willingly adventure my Life to obtain your quiet; and in travelling many times are knit the ſtricteſt bonds of Friendſhip: Pardon me, (my own Condition ſomewhat reſembling yours, in that I alſo am under very uneaſy Circumſtances) if I deſire that we may for the time to come, be pair'd in the happy number of Friends; and therefore hoping your bounty will not refuſe my deſire, I am willing to relate to you my Misfortunes, which I believe, if they are not greater, they may equal yours; hoping alſo that you'll pay me in the ſame Coin.

Extreamly pleaſed was the Melancholy Gentleman, with the courteous offers of *Ricardo*, who deſir'd not to wonder that he of himſelf ſhould relate a misfortune, that ought to be for his honour kept private from all

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the World, but his Civilities had ſuch influence over him, that he had not Power to refuſe him any thing; beſides he thought the ſtillneſs of the night requir'd a Companion to Diſcourſe with to paſs away thoſe tedious hours; ſo that *Ricardo* began, and related the whole ſtory of his Misfortunes; and having ended, the Gentleman confeſt his Misfortunes were great, but thoſe he ſhould relate were far exceeding his, in as much as he had not only loſt a Miſtreſs that he lov'd, but a Wife, whom he admir'd above all Worldly things; and his Honour, a thing that ought to be dearer than Life: And it was thus.

The Hiſtory of Don Enrique Thomas.

MY Name is *Enrique Thomas de Guanches Fernandez Yſugo*, my Country *Barcelona*, the Metropolitan of the noble Principality of *Cattalonna*, my

my Quality of the Moſt Illuſtrious in that State; my Eſtate, though not of the largeſt, yet enough; and my Age thirty four Years: There dwelt in the very next Houſe to my Fathers, a young Lady, whom I lov'd as I grew in ſenſe and years, beginning from my Childhood: I miſtake, I ſhould ſay ador'd; for 'tis more than love, not to be ſaid to live out of her ſight. Our Parents were intimate Friends, and ſo our Acquaintance and Intimacy was the leſs noted by the Neighbours, or ſcandaliz'd by the Envious. I will not tire you with the account of my Endeavours to pleaſe and gain that amiable Creature, that would be to tire you, as alſo refreſh my Mind, and make me ſuffer a ſecond Martyrdom; but in ſhort, I'll ſay no Art, no Induſtry, no Zeal, can ever ſecond mine to *Donna Eſtefania*, for ſo is ſhe nam'd, who by her Ingratitude hath caus'd my Miſery; It will be enough to ſay we were both Children, our Loves great, her Beauty

vaſt, and her behaviour at that time exceeding Modeſt, very Witty, and conſequently well diſcours'd; our opportunity did not a little encreaſe our Flames, for with the leave of our Parents, we at any time might ſee each other; and indeed ſeldom was it we were a ſunder; by which our Parents perceiving our deſires, confirm'd their Friendſhip by affinity, Marrying us both very young; who yet for all that, in our deſires had been long wedded. Whoever ſay that Marriage gluts, and conſequently impairs Love, certainly muſt be ſuch dull Souls, who more like Brutes than Men, are but ſatisfying their ſenſual Appetite, while I'm ſure all refin'd Spirits, who by the continual Enjoyment, have daily the Experiments of the Wit, the Modeſty, the Love, the pleaſing Behaviour, affording daily freſh ſupplies to edge his Appetite, though her Beauty ſhould diminiſh, and though I cannot pretend to more than juſt a reaſonable Man, yet like another

another *Columbus*, after many years of Enjoyment (when I thought it was impoſſible to love more, I found new Worlds, and daily freſh Delights, unknown to me the day before; ten Years did compleat my Joys with her, for as Heaven envy'd my Happineſs, and malicious Hell reſolv'd to obſtruct it, after theſe years where Joys and Bleſſings crowded to me, by the vaſtneſs, (I had been happier, had my love been leſs.) Our Eſtates joining together was ſo great, that her deſire could not reach my Liberality, the Oſtentation being conformable to our Riches, that we never ſo much appear'd Lover and Miſtreſs, as when we were Man and Wife, but who would think it, Don *Ricardo*, that with all theſe viſible ſigns of Love, (I am aſham'd to ſay it) that *Eſtefania* ſhould offend my Honour, that ſhe ſhould defile my Bed, rejoicing in a Strangers Arms; at leaſt in deſire if not in deed; and who would think, that I being whom I am, ſhould

live to own it, and that grief for the loſs of my Honour ſhould not deprive me of Life: I will not, my Dear Friend, nor will my Honour permit me to ſpeak ill of that Sex, ſince we owe our Births to them, with the dangers of their own lives; but laying theſe natural Obligations aſide, and to ſpeak how firm they ought to be, and how conſtant: tell me what truſt can a Man put in that Sex, or who can ſleep ſecure of their Treaſons, ſince *Eſtefania* could be falſe? But to tell the ſtory of my Misfortune, Heaven having given me a Son, no leſs Beautiful than Witty, and having ſeen him brought up with all the Accompliſhments his Age was capable of; and ſince I could not leave him a larger Eſtate, I was deſirous to better it by a Title to ſome Habit; and adviſ'd with my Wife, who ſaid ſo much, and ſeem'd ſo eagerly to regret my abſence for the time requir'd to procure it at Court, that I even repented my ſelf of the thought;

but

but considering it did import us, and above all, that I earnestly desir'd it, with much ado she gave me leave for fifteen days; for as she knew not the Court, she thought that enough to gain my pretensions: In short, I left *Barcelona*, and in a short space arriv'd at *Madrid*, and order'd my affairs so happily, that Fortune seem'd desirous to return me into *Estefania*'s Arms; for the King understanding the desert and services of my Fathers to the Crown, shortened the dispatch: Every Letter I receiv'd from *Estefania*, was fill'd with Complaints of my absence, and Prayers for my quick return; and I with the same desires, leaving my dispatches to the care of a Servant, made all possible haste to reach *Barcelona* within the limits of the time given me; and taking Post, such was my diligence, that had not a Tempest of Rain, Thunder, and Lightning hinder'd, I had enter'd *Barcelona* on the third day after my setting out of *Madrid*; but this sud-

den change of the Weather, from a fine clear Day to a very ſtormy Evening, oblig'd me to put into an Inne but two Leagues diſtant from my abode; where while I was reſting my ſelf, and ordering ſomething for Supper, there came in a Gentleman, who by his Mein and Garb, I gueſt to be of Quality; but he was ſo wet, that I was oblig'd, although I did not know him, to offer him my Servants to undreſs him and help to dry his Cloaths; and told him, if he pleas'd to accompany me at my Table, I ſhould eſteem the Favour, and that he might alſo lodge with me: *Don Federico* thankt me (for ſo was his Name;) and after Supper, we paſs'd an hour or two in relating Stories and ſeveral other Matters: In which diſcourſe he ſhew'd much Judgment, ſpeaking excellent Senſe, and withal very chearful and witty. It being time now to betake our ſelves to our Lodging, we went into our Chamber, where while my Servant was undreſſing me, he ſaid;

Sir, you expected a pleasanter Nights Lodging than what you'll find here, the Storm having depriv'd you of my Ladies Company: *Federico* answer'd also, vex'd at his ill luck, That Misfortune reaches both of us, for I also thought to have had the Embraces of an Angelical Creature; that tho' it may be vain-glorious for me to say it, loves me, and is indeed in my mind the finest Woman in *Barcelona*; when, instead of that, I found my self in a Storm that drove me into this House, where, were it not for *Don Enrique*'s Courtesie in admitting me into his Company, had far'd much worse.

The Night is such, said I, (not dreaming of my Misfortune) that it would have been a Misfortune to the Lady, had you got thither; for I fear you are not in the best Condition to Content her. If it were not her Beauty, said the inadvertiz'd Gentleman, her Name is---- unfortunate: The Servants took no notice of our

Diſcourſe, and ſo unwilling to dive further into the Matter before them, I ſtaid till we were in Bed, and they had lock'd the Doors and were gone; but no ſooner did I ſee our ſelves alone, but with as impertinent a Curioſity, as malicious, and deſignedly to know the Lady's Name, I told him, I thought no Name in *Spain* unfortunate, becauſe they are Names of Saints that are always given in *Spain*. To this he anſwer'd, That ever ſince in *Caſtile* there was a Lady named *Eſtefania*, who was kill'd by her Huſband, without ever offending him, only by the deceit of a Servant, That it was a vulgar Attribute of the *Eſtefania's* to be unfortunate. According to this your Lady is called *Eſtefania* ſaid I, a little altered: And he anſwer'd, Having told you the Story firſt, it would be a folly to think to hide her Name now: So craving leave to ſleep, he turn'd himſelf, and left me not altogether free from a villainous ſuſpicion of being Horn'd:

But however, when I repreſented to my ſelf all the Letters of *Eſtefania*'s Deſire of my Return, her continual Love to me, her modeſt Behaviour, *&c.* I thought it a madneſs to think her falſe, whom I ſuppos'd as pure as Veſtal Virgins, except in the Obligation of Matrimony, and ſo perſwaded my ſelf in the City there might be others of the Name. It was hardly Day when I gave *Federico* the Good-morrow, asking him if he would riſe to go into the City, that we might be there before Noon; and becauſe he told me, that his Affairs requir'd him to ſtay till Night, and ſo I might go alone, and that afterwards he would enquire for me: But to tell you the Truth, my Deſire was to be ſatisfied in my Mind, and to know who this *Eſtefania* was that he Gallanted; ſo that I told him, that I would ſtay alſo and go along with him. He attributed this to Courteſie and Affection, which indeed was Doubt and Jealouſie. We returned

turned to the ſame Diſcourſe that we had before, and I offer'd my Service to him, if there were any Danger in the Atchievement of his Love. He thankt me, and told me there was no Danger, for though I have ſeveral Nights been within the Houſe, yet I have not ſeen the Street, nor outward Walls, nor could I find the Houſe, though I endeavour'd it, ſuch has been the Care and Secrecy of the Owner. 'Tis very ſtrange ſaid I, for you ſeem to contradict your ſelf; How could you ſo often be in a Houſe without ſeeing the Street? Well, that I may not ſeem a Cheat to you, I'll tell you, ſaid he, and let you ſee the cunning Contrivances of the *Sex* when they would carry on an *Intrigue*. I was one Afternoon in the great Street buying a piece of Silk, and there came a Lady Veil'd to buy ſome Ribboning, and though now well cover'd with her Veil, yet at her firſt entrance into the Shop, ſhe was not ſo much cover'd, but I ſaw a

a Glimpſe of the moſt charming Creature I ever beheld: I came to her with the Courteſie men of my Quality ſhould, deſiring her to take what ſhe had a mind to, without any other Intereſt, than to accept on't; She turn'd to her Servant, as 'twas, laughing at my Proffer, or wondring at my Liberality, being unuſual: I diſcours'd with her awhile, and at laſt ſhe came to tell me, that my Perſon pleas'd her, and that not through lightneſs, but a certain ſecret Inclination oblig'd her to love me, from the very time ſhe firſt ſaw me; for as Fowls have no Sex, ſo I think it not ſtrange for a Woman to love at firſt any more than a Man; but ſhe oblig'd me not to follow her, telling me, ſhe was a Woman of more Obligations than I could imagine; but that if I deſir'd to ſee her again, ſhe would expect me in a Walk call'd *La Marina*, naming me the Day and Hour I ſhould meet her, I really thought this, added he, but

a Trick to get rid of me, till the Day and Hour that I was appointed, I ſaw her coming thither in a Coach, and ſtepping forth, that we might be more free and ſolitary, we took a Boat and went up the River; She acquainting me with her Love, telling me ſhe wiſht ſhe were in a Condition to diſpoſe of her ſelf, and I thanking her for thoſe vaſt Favours, promis'd to love none other but her ſelf: Thus did we ſeveral Days continue our Interviews, but one Afternoon that I found her in more than her ordinary loving Humour, I laid hold on the Opportunity, deſirous to know her Quality. I pray'd her, ſince I was confident her Ingenuity could not be wanting to find a means of our ſeeing one another without giving her the trouble of coming out of her Houſe; at firſt ſhe made ſome Difficulty, but Love, according to the *Latin* Phraſe, *Overcomes all things*, made her at laſt agree to it, but on condition I ſhould behave my ſelf

with great Care of her Reputation, with all Secrecy, and not be Inquiſitive farther than ſhe would let me know her Pleaſure. Theſe Articles, with ſeveral others to the ſame purpoſe, agreed on between us, we parted, but not for long, for the next Day I was to go to her Houſe in the manner ſhe ſhould propoſe. Accordingly the next Day at the *Marina* Walk I expected her Orders. I had not been there long, before I ſaw two men bringing a Chair, in green Liveries, who bad me enter, and then cloſing all things well about me that I could not ſee, they had no ſooner ſeated me and open'd the Chair, but I found my ſelf in a fine large Room very well furniſht, hung with Arras, the Andirons Plate, Eſcritores and Cabinets of curious worked Olive, inlaid with Ivory and Ebbony, and very fine Pictures: I had but juſt turn'd round to ſee this Room, when the beauteous Lady came to me, into whoſe Houſe I often entred thus, being

ing ſtill carried out in the ſame manner; once my Curioſity, contrary to my Promiſe urged me, ſeeing one of the Chair-men in the Street that us'd to carry me, to ask whoſe Livery that was? and they told me, that it belong'd to *Donna Eſtefania de Arcoſty fuentes*, by which I have ſuppos'd that to be the Name of the charming Creature I love.

Here *Federico* put an end to his Story, and I remain'd confirm'd in the Opinion of my Diſgrace, and yet I had ſome Place to doubt it, becauſe all he had ſaid was Ambiguous, and might ſerve for ſome other unfortunate; but ſuch delight he took in the relation of it, that he told ſo many Circumſtances and ſigns of the Houſe, as of the Beds, Cabinets, Hangings, and particularizing ſome Pieces of rare Paintings, of which I have many, (being a great Admirer of them) of the Hands of all the moſt famous Artiſts, by which I was aſſur'd my Houſe was the abus'd; and therefore

diſſem-

diſſembling the Matter as much as I could, becauſe about Four in the Afternoon we mounted our Horſes, and began our Journey towards the Town, he ſtill telling what Pleaſures he hop'd, and as it were each Word ſtabbed me to the Heart, for ſo doth every Injury done to my Honour reach the tendereſt part about me; but I, when I ſaw my ſelf on the Road, was not ſo careful of any thing as to watch a convenient time, if not to Cure, at leaſt to Revenge my Honour by his Death: Therefore I order'd my Servants to make haſte before us to tell my infamous Wife of my coming: At the croſſing of a very thick Wood, where for many Years the Branches of the Trees hid the Roots from the heat of the Sun, I drew my Sword and gave him ſo ſtrong a thruſt through the Breaſt, that without ſpeaking he fell on the Ground, where lighting from my Horſe I gave him many Blows, that in a ſhort time I put him paſt offend-

ing

ing me, or defending himſelf; he begg'd me not to kill him, but to give him time to confeſs, not knowing me, nor for why I uſed him ſo cruelly: I then thinking it would be too much Rigour, not to ſpare him ſo much time, ſince in it though his Body was beyond the Art of Chirurgery to heal, his Soul might be cured; I left him alive; for one thing it is to revenge my Honour as a Gentleman, and another thing to be a Chriſtian; as I was offended, and in ſo nice a point, I thought I ought to have ended him; but as a Catholick I held back my Arm, that he might ſave his Soul; for to hinder a dying man of Confeſſion, is to out-brave Impiety it ſelf, and follow the Offender into Hell with my Revenge, and without doubt it hardens the Heart of God againſt ſuch a one, when he ſhall demand Mercy: therefore hearing Horſes at a diſtance, that I might not be diſcover'd, I mounted and rode away, and as I rid I conſider'd what

was to be done hence-forward, and conſidering with my ſelf that to kill my Wife, would be to publiſh the Infamy as done, which was but juſt conceiv'd in Thought, and by that our Family would loſe its ancient Luſtre, I thought it a better Revenge to deprive her of my ſight for ever; and with this Reſolution in a ſhort time I overtook my Servants, to whom I ſaid, that on a Diſcourſe of nothing we had had ſome few words, and that his Opiniatiſm had afronted me by his uſing ſome uncivil Language, on which we fought, and in which Fight I had kill'd him, ſo that I would not have it known in *Barcelona* that I had left *Madrid*, but in diſguiſe enter the Town, and ſo Embark for *Italy*, or ſome foreign Country; and hearing of theſe Gallies, I addreſt my ſelf to the Captain of this Gally, who hath been very civil to me; but amidſt all the Civilities he hath ſhewn, there is none I eſteem more than having plac'd you ſo near me:

But now ſee, continu'd he, if any Miſfortune can be greater than mine, that loving (for I muſt own ſtill I adore her) my Wife, I am forc'd never to ſee her more; while every one thinks perhaps, there being ſo many High-way-men here abouts, that I am faln into ſome ſuch hands, and murder'd: Ah! I would to God it were ſo, or that it had been a common Soul to have born this Affront, that had not the loſs of his Honour ſo imprinted in his Soul; that yet ſometimes a Thought of Revenge will break through the Walls of Love, and makes me ſometimes wiſh I had ſerv'd my Wife, as I did *Federico*.

With Reaſon did *Ricardo* admire the ſtrange Story *Enrique* told, which began their Acquaintance, and continued, ſo that being Arriv'd at *Naples* they reſolv'd not to part, but to Travel together: And having ſeen all the Curioſities of that ſtately City, they paſt by *Civita Vecchia* to *Rome*,

Rome, where *Ricardo* took Money for his Journey upon his Bills of Exchange, and when they had kiſs'd the *Pope*'s Feet, and ſeen thoſe innumerable things worthy of Remark in this famous City, they departed, with intention to go to *Loretta*, and viſit that Houſe, where ſo many thouſands daily come out of Devotion; but as they were going into the Church, he was ſtopt by a Man on his Knees, who cry'd out, *Forgive me, Sir, what-ever I have offended you in; I am heartily ſorry, and muſt own 'tis only in your vaſt Generoſity and known Goodneſs I truſt.* This ſtartled *Ricardo*, but Reflecting, he remembred *Don Fulgentio Antonio*'s Voice, and bidding him Riſe, he told him he'd freely forgive him, and ſo walking into the Church, where after they had done their Devotions, and ſatiſfied their Curioſity, they Retir'd to their Lodgings, and while Dinner was getting ready, *Ricardo* deſir'd *Fulgentio* to Relate to him the Occa-

ſion

ſion of his Travels, and as far as might be known, the cauſe of his viſiting this Place of Devotion; which he conſented to do, on his Promiſe that all paſt Actions ſhould be forgot; and thus began:

The Hiſtory of Don Fulgentio Antonio.

MY Pretenſions to *Donna Clara Liſarda* you are ſufficiently acquainted with; how earneſtly I lov'd, it is hardly poſſible in my Opinion to Comprehend; this hath been the Cauſe of all my Misfortunes which happen'd, as follows:

After my miſtake was diſcover'd when I met you on the Road, ſuch a Raging Madneſs poſſeſt my Soul, that had it not been Envy and a deſire of Revenge, I had certainly ended my Life by laying violent hands on my ſelf, where there lay no fault; for your too great Generoſity as it made

made me appear a Villain, ſo my Villainy made it appear the more reſplendent amidſt all my raſh Actions, by which any other man, leſs good than your ſelf, ſo often as Fortune favour'd you with the Opportunity, would have made uſe of your Victory; (ſo far was you from deſerving any blame) that you never ſo much as offer'd to ſatisfie a Revenge that might have grown in any other Breaſt.

After I found that inſtead of *Liſarda* I had married *Clara*, finding by what you ſaid, and *Clara*, that you went in ſearch of *Liſarda*, I preſently drove to a Village of mine, where with the Offers of a Reward I got eight of my Servants to wait your Return, giving *Clara* a thouſand ſweet words leſt ſhe might obſtruct my Deſign. I left her in the Village while we, well Mounted and Arm'd, waited your Return on the Road, where you know how we rid away with the Coach: I hoping by this to confirm her in the

Belief

Belief of your Infidelity; and if not to get my own Ends at leaſt, to diſpoſe her never to make you happy. While we were on the way I uſed my Rhetorick, with all the Vows and Proteſtations imaginable, after my endeavours of diſſwading her from you; then I told her that now 'twas in my power whither I'd carry her, and how I'd diſpoſe of her; and therefore ſhe had better comply than venture the Diſpleaſure of a cholerick Man: But all this produc'd nothing but Scorn and Slights from her, telling me no Man ſhould ever have her, except *Ricardo*, who, however the Misfortune happen'd that Night, ſhe was ſenſible he lov'd her, and was one deſerving her love. I told her you were kill'd in the Skirmiſh. With that a Flood of Tears drop'd from her Eyes; O ye Powers, ſaid ſhe! Then is *Ricardo* dead, and dar'ſt thou Villain, who hath been the cauſe, appear before me? go, know I loath Thee, and that now I'll die a

Maid, and ever bemoan the loſs of that brave Man. But then is he dead, ſaid ſhe, and the Cauſe ſo near me yet lives! Snatching my Dagger from my ſide, gave me a Wound in my Breaſt, that had certainly kill'd me had her Arm had but a little more ſtrength: At laſt, when I ſaw nothing could prevail, and that in her Company I endanger'd my Life, I bethought my ſelf of carrying her to a Country-Houſe I had, where I would keep her ſome time, to ſee if I poſſibly could gain her by all the Endeavours that Love and Kindneſs could invent; which I did, and reſolving not to ſtay with her, but to abſent my ſelf awhile, giving ſtrict Orders to my Servants not to let her eſcape, but withal, to let her have all ſhe could demand. I returned to *Clara*, who daily ſo endeavoured to make me love her; and conſidering I was married, and that I had beſt to make my Life as eaſie as I could: In two Months time ſeeing no hope of prevailing

vailing on *Liſarda*, *Clara* had ſo far gain'd me, that I really felt Motions of the greateſt Tenderneſs for her; and as they ſay, *Love begets Love*, ſo was it with me; I left plying *Liſarda* with Letters, and began to forget her, and to have my Thoughts wholly taken up by *Clara*: So that at laſt I took Coach and went to viſit *Liſarda*; and having heard that after you was heal'd, you went to Travel, told her what I knew, which ſo Rejoyc'd her, that ſhe eaſily pardon'd me for all things paſt, and ſo ordering a Coach, I had her convey'd to Town, where ſhe remains in her Fathers Houſe. With what Pleaſure *Ricardo* heard all this, is not to be expreſs'd, but it was plainly ſeen by his change of Countenance; for now he had recover'd a certain Gaiety and Briſkneſs common to him before his Misfortune: But Dinner coming up ſtop'd the Procedure of *Fulgentio*'s relation. *Don Enrique* all the while at Dinner perceiv'd ſuch Alacrity in

Don Ricardo's Looks, and obſerving the many Queſtions he ask'd *Don Fulgentio* of *Liſarda*'s Health, *&c.* that he eaſily perceiv'd the Pleaſure he took in hearing of her, and ſo began her Health, for which *Don Ricardo* thank'd him; but no ſooner was Dinner ended, but *Fulgentio* was deſir'd to continue his Relation; which was thus:

After I had got *Liſarda*'s Pardon, and heard ſhe was ſafe at her Fathers, my Love encreas'd ſo much towards *Clara*, that I don't know whether I could have thought my ſelf happier with any one. She ſent to her Relations, who were over-joy'd at her good Fortune, in getting a Husband after her miſcarriage, and one of my Quality; they made her an indifferent Portion: But as I lov'd her, ſo did I grow jealous of her, remembring ſhe had been faulty, and having one Night ſtay'd out, the next Morning a Servant told me he had ſeen a Man enter into my Houſe, that

was but just gone before my coming, who with all their Privacy in bringing him in and out, could not escape his Eyes: I without any further assurance, thought it must be *Clara* that was faulty, and there-withal going to her, though she lay asleep, wak'd her with a thousand Reproaches, upbraiding her with her former Life; and maugre all the Assurances and Protestations she made, to such a height my Choler grew, that I struck her, she all the while with Tears and pitying avouching her Innocency, desiring me to make further enquiry ere I proceeded so rashly to accuse her; but I was deaf to all she said, and insensible with Rage, still continuing my ill usage: At last putting on her Night-Gown, she came near a Table where a Pen-knife lay, and taking it up, gave her self several Stabs, and then said; *Sir, I own I never was worthy of you, I own my Faults with which you upbraid me, but these being the last words which I shall*

ſpeak, be ſatisfied I am innocent as to what you now accuſe me. Juſt as ſhe was repeating theſe words, in came the Maid that waited on her in her Chamber, and ſeeing the Tragedy of her Miſtreſs, and having heard at the Door part of our Diſcourſe, ſhe cry'd, *O, Sir! what have you done? 'Twas I brought in the Man laſt Night, who is my Husband, though my Marriage was unknown till now.* Hearing this, I had no Patience; I ſent for Surgeons, and in the mean time we endeavour'd to tye up her Wounds: A thouſand times I ask'd her Pardon; to which ſhe anſwer'd, *Alas! Sir, I forgive you, but 'tis too late for Remedy, I find my fleeting Soul departing from my Body; but with much eaſe I die, ſince you are ſatisfied, and love me ſtill*; Then drawing me by my hand, ſhe brought my lips to hers, and immediately dy'd. This is the Misfortune hath brought me hither, to make Atonement for all my Sins, of which I hope God will accept.

No ſooner had he ended this Relation, but *Ricardo* begg'd of *Enrique* to accompany him to *Andaluzia*, where he might be ſafe in his Houſe from the ſearch the Law made after him, which he conſented to; ſo leaving the penitent *Fulgentio* to finiſh his Romery, they in all haſte Rid towards *Florence*, and Arriving at *Leghorn*, opportunely found a Ship bound for *Barcelona*; they went Aboard, and having a fair Wind, in little time Arriv'd at their wiſh'd for Haven; but *Enrique* not willing to land at *Barcelona* for fear of being known, they were ſet aſhore at *Monſerrate*, a place where crowds of all ſorts of People flock to pay their Devotions to an Image, by whom they ſuppoſe many Miracles wrought, called, *Our Lady of Monſerrate*; but no ſooner were they come into the Inne, and a little reſted their ſelves, but leaning out of the Window, *Enrique* ſaw a Litter ſtop at the Door of the Inne where they lodg'd, ſix

Servants attending it, and as the Maſter, a Gentleman very fine; but no ſooner had he ſeen two Ladies ſtep out of the Litter, but *Ricardo* obſerv'd he chang'd his Colour, and remain'd Confus'd, Melancholy and Thoughtful; and Reflecting on this, ask'd him, *What was the matter?* When he anſwer'd in a great Paſſion; *Sir, What ſhall I ſay? Or, what can ſufficiently expreſs my Misfortune; if I ſee come out of that Litter the infamous baſe* Eſtefania, *with my Enemy* Don Federico. *Ricardo* pray'd him to conſider and be advis'd, to do nothing raſhly: Theſe things, ſaith he, ought to be governed with Prudence, otherwiſe conſider what Scandal your Paſſion may bring upon your Family. Therefore ſaith he, Let me advertize you to be quiet, and not to diſturb your ſelf; be ſatisfied you have a Friend by your ſide, who to ſatisfie the leaſt Scruple of your Honour, would loſe many Lives. With this he came a little to himſelf. The place

being

being but ſmall, and the People many that flock thither, they could not get Accommodations in the Houſe. *Ricardo* locking *Enrique* in a Room, deſir'd he might have the management of this Affair, leſt he in his Paſſion might do what with Reaſon he might Repent hereafter; and then going down to the Litter, he deſired they would be pleaſed to accept of his Quarters, till the Servants might find ſome more Commodious; which Offer they kindly accepted of, and *Don Ricardo* brought them into a Dining-Room that joyned to that *Enrique* was lockt in; of which *Enrique* was preſently advertized: ſo that hearkning at the Key-hole, he heard the following Diſcourſe. *Ricardo* after ſome Complements paſt, crav'd the Honour that they would let that Chance be the beginning of an Acquaintance and Friendſhip between them, which he ſhould highly value: They anſwered him, The greateſt Pleaſure and Satisfaction would

would be theirs; and then enquired where he was going, and from whence he came. To the firſt he anſwer'd, *He was going to* Andaluzia: And to the ſecond, *That he came from* Italy, *and that only for the ſake of two Years Travelling, and Diverting himſelf.* Hardly had *Donna Eſtefania* heard him name *Italy*, but turning to her Siſter, and *Federico*, ſaid, *To the beſt of my remembrance; 'tis there-abouts, though each Day hath ſeem'd an Eternity, that my dear* Don Enrique *hath been wanting, and according to what I have heard travell'd that ſame way. So many are the* Spaniards *in that Country*, reply'd Ricardo, *and ſo many I have been there acquainted with, that it is ſtrange I have not met with him. His Name is* Don Enrique, *ſaid* Donna Eſtefania, *with Tears trickling down her Cheeks. Ricardo* having this Occaſion, told her, *He knew him very well, and that he had been his Companion many Miles; and the Reaſon, as he told me, that he ſtay'd at* Milain, *was*

a Ruſ-

a *Buſineſs of Honour that Baniſht him from his Country, and without hopes of Return. Donna Eſtefania* hearing this, could not longer bear with her exceſſive Grief; ſo that giving a great Sigh, ſhe would have ſpoke, but *Federico* deſiring her to be Patient, craved her leave to tell the Story, as the beſt Witneſs of the Misfortune.

The Haps and Rencounter of this World are ſometimes no leſs ſtrange than difficult to Penetrate: and that you may give notice to her Friend *Don Enrique*, how much to his own and his Ladies Diſquiet he is deceived, as alſo of my Innocence, Sir, I muſt firſt acquaint you that *Valladoled* is the Place where I firſt breath'd, and having been affronted there in ſuch a manner, that I was Obliged in defence of my Honour, having an Opportunity to write my Diſpleaſure in his Face, and marking him for one of a forwarder Tongue than Courage, my Friends fearing the Conſequence, his Quality and Intereſt

reſt being Great, they ſent me to *Barcelona*, to avoid thoſe Troubles that might follow; where after Hunting, one Evening, by a Storm I was forc'd to put into a Houſe upon the Road, and diſcourſing of what is moſt common to young Men; Love I mean, (to a Gentleman, who by the Tokens I gave of him, we know to be *Don Enrique*;) I chanc'd to tell the Story of my Amours with a Lady, whoſe Name I did not know, nor could I deſcribe any more than the inſide of the Houſe, her Care having been ſuch, that I was carried in and out in a Chair cloſe on every ſide, when ever I was honoured to ſee her at her Dwelling. This Lady *Donna Angela*, the Siſter of *Donna Eſtefania* is the Perſon whom *Donna Eſtefania* had invited to ſtay with her, during the Abſence of her Huſband, and that directed by her Stars, and not my Deſerts, loved me: But one Day ſeeing one of the Chair-men, I askt a Neighbour whoſe Livery

that was, and telling me it was *Donna Eſtefania*'s, I ſuppoſed that to be the Name of the Perſon that I loved, and naming her ſo to *Don Enrique*; this occaſion'd all our Misfortune, for he as we were the next day Riding hither, drew, *&c.*

Here *Don Enrique* not having any longer Patience, but over-joy'd to hear his Wife was innocent; as *Ricardo* was a-going to ſurprize them by opening the Door, and giving *Donna Eſtefania* a ſight of what ſhe ſo much lov'd, burſt it open with his Foot, and running to his Wife, Embrac'd her, begging Pardon for his Suſpicion and Jealouſie; then turning to *Federico*, begg'd his alſo: And thus was their Melancholy turn'd into the greateſt Ecſtaſie of Joy; then *Donna Eſtefania* told him that he muſt wiſh Joy to her Siſter and *Don Federico*, who were Man and Wife; which he did, being very well pleaſed with the Match: Then Supper was brought up, and having ſupp'd,

Enrique

Enrique enquired further of the Story, and *Federico* told him, that he wounded him extreamly, but by the Assistance of some Shepherds he was brought to Town, but lay under the Surgeon's hands three Months; and the thing coming to be known who was the Author of that Deed, it was talkt about the Town as if *Donna Estefania* had dishonoured you, which made us make an end the sooner of our Courtship and marry; and then having the liberty to tell the Story, we cleared both you and your Lady, and the Town were satisfied. Having ended their Discourse, *Ricardo* told *Enrique*, That though he lost the Satisfaction of having his Company on the Road, yet he hoped he might have the Honour of their coming to his Nuptials; and though he could not expect them to go immediately, yet, said he, It may be an agreeable Divertizement for them to go as far into the Country as his Abode, where though he could pro-

miſe them no great Entertainment, yet they ſhould be heartily Welcome, and he thought the Company of that loving Pair would extreamly Grace his Marriage, which he hoped would be ſhortly Celebrated: Then *Donna Angela* deſired to know if ſhe might be acquainted with his Miſtreſſes Name, which he told her was *Liſarda*; O then, Sir, ſaith ſhe, you may ſafely depend on your Marriage, for by her Name I gueſs yours to be *Don Ricardo Antonio*, the only Perſon ſhe hath told me ſhould be her Husband; for about three Months ago I came acquainted with her here, ſhe having vowed the Romery for your Proſperity; we became ſo intimately acquainted lodging in the ſame Inne together, that ſhe told me the whole Story of your Loves. After this *Ricardo* made a Complement to *Federico* of his Bed for himſelf and his Lady, and *Enrique* with his Lady betook themſelves to his own; and *Ricardo* getting not quite ſo fit-

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ting a Lodging for a Lady, retired contentedly to it, and in the Morning early getting up, got his Horſe in a readineſs; when his Friends were juſt beginning to ſtir, he took leave of them, with their Promiſe to follow him, and ſets forward for *Andaluzia*.

Love hath Wings, and never did he accompliſh a Journey in ſo ſhort a time. It was about 11 at Night when he entred the Town, and perceiving ſome Gentlemen at the Door of *Donna Clara Liſarda*'s Houſe, tuning their Inſtruments, by which he knew they had a mind to Divert ſome Lady; he at a diſtance alighted off his Horſe, deſirous, if it was poſſible, to know who theſe were, ſerenading, as he thought, his Miſtreſs: Therefore by chance finding the next Door open, he entred as if it were his own houſe, and ſo putting himſelf behind the Door, unperceived by them, he heard their Song and Muſick, which was no ſooner ended, but he heard the

Lady

Lady ſhut her Window; the Company took leave of one another, and one who ſeemed to be the Maſter of this Treat, mounted a Horſeback: *Don Ricardo*, though tired with a long Journey, and very deſirous to ſee *Don Pedro de Vargas* the Corregidor, yet more deſirous to ſee his ſuppoſed Rival, he mounted his Horſe with intention to follow him; but of a ſudden he ſaw himſelf ſurrounded with ſix men, who asked him, Whether he would part with his Money or his Life; *Ricardo* more anger'd at their hindring his Deſign, than their Audacity, gave no other Reply, but ſhot and killed one of them, the reſt ſet upon him, but he defended himſelf ſo well, till his ſuppoſed Rival, not yet got ſo far off, but that he heard the Noiſe they made, was return'd, by which the Rogues forgot the thoughts of Booty, and endeavoured to ſave their Lives by running: And *Don Ricardo* thus freed, turning to thank the Gentleman,

knew him for his Couſin *Don Pedro* the Corregidor. Great were their Joy, for ſeeing each other, throwing themſelves about one anothers Neck, and embracing. They were no ſooner got home, but they went to Bed, for at *Don Pedro*'s deſire, he ſtay'd there, it being late; but *Don Ricardo* had his Thoughts ſo buſily employ'd on *Liſarda*, that gave him leave but juſt to ſatisfie Nature with Sleep; awaking early in the Morning, he preſently was for going to viſit, or at leaſt write to *Liſarda*; ſtill entertaining himſelf with the Hopes of her Conſtancy; although now and then the Serenade he had heard, and at her Houſe, would interrupt him in the moſt pleaſing Thoughts; and his hearing the Window ſhut, made him conceive that the Serenaded Perſon was not diſpleaſed with the Complement; but then again, other Reaſons and other Thoughts diſſwaded him from his Jealouſie. *Don Pedro*'s deſire to enjoy his Couſins Compa-

ny awhile, made him early to give him a Viſit, but coming to his Chamber, and finding him already dreſt, he ſaid, giving him the Good-morrow, you are as early Dreſt, as if you Divin'd the Happineſs you ſhall have to Day, of enjoying the Company of your Miſtreſs, who without doubt, to your great Joy, I'll tell you, loves with an unparallell'd Conſtancy; but withal I muſt tell you, you are not the only happy Man, for I alſo, who by viſiting *Liſarda*, to excuſe firſt the Miſtake, and next to Perſwade her to a Liking of you, her Couſin *Donna Maria* ſeveral times hapning to be there, Glanced ſuch Flames from her Eyes, that ſhe fir'd my Soul, and I am become her Adorer; who I had juſt ſerenaded as I met with you. *Don Ricardo* askt then where ſhe dwelt; who told him, That ſince their Houſe was burnt, they laid in the ſame Houſe with *Donna Liſarda*; but becauſe it is ſomething early, I will

tell you an Adventure which will entertain us till it may be time for us to Visit the Ladies.

The History of the Loves of Don Roderigo *and* Don Pedro, *to* Donna Maria.

AFter your Departure, dear Cousin, which being so privately, we were extreamly troubled, lest your melancholy Thoughts might have made you Injure your self, and not knowing what was become of you, the whole Town was so Concern'd, they cry'd out for Revenge on the Villains who we suppos'd had misus'd you, and killed those that were brought home with you; but finding no Evidence against them, but their own Confessions, was, That they at the Noise coming

out

out of their Houſes found the Murderers gone, and you all on the Ground, who they ſuppos'd Dead; that they would have taken your Cloaths and Money, and to that end carried you to their Houſe; beſides receiving a Letter from *Don Fulgentio*, brought by the fair *Liſarda*, that diſcharged them of the Murder. I was going to paſs Sentence on them for a years Impriſonment, when *Donna Maria*, whoſe Vaſſals they were, begged, or rather commanded their Freedom. 'Twas firſt here I began to Admire; but afterwards, as I have told you, Viſiting *Donna Liſarda*, and ſeeing her there, I began to Adore thoſe extraordinary Perfections and Accompliſhments I found in her: Here began I to know the Happineſs of Loving, and being Belov'd; for both her Parents and ſhe liked me, my Quality and Eſtate being both very great: But, Sir, Croſſes are things inſeparable from Love, and I muſt alſo have my

hare; I had *Don Roderigo Vaſques* for my Rival, a Man whoſe Tongue ſtands him in much ſtead, ſince without ever drawing his Sword, no Duel, no gallant Actions are performed, but he makes himſelf the Owner, and draws all the Reputation of them to himſelf, and that with ſuch Cunning and Subtilty, that long time he had undeſervingly the Name of a Heroe. My Courage ſufficiently known in many famous Exploits for the Service of the King, and that hath gained me this Honourable Verge, was Eclips'd by this falſe Light; and *Donna Maria*, a Woman of an Heroick Spirit, ſeemed at the ſame time the Match was making between us, to lend him her Ear readier than to any other; ſuch was his Cunning and his Art in deceiving and inventing new Deceits, that I was almoſt afraid he would Cheat me of my Miſtreſs: But one Day, it hap-

All Governours of Towns in Spain carry a Wand in token of their Office.

pen'd well for me, (ſince no further harm was done.) We were ſtanding and diſcourſing ſome other Gentleman, when news was brought us *Donna Maria*'s houſe was in a Flame; we all ran to the Aſſiſtance of that Family: But Gods! What Terrour was it for me to ſee *Donna Maria* in the Balcony, (the Houſe being ſurrounded by the Fire,) begging Aid to help her from periſhing; eagerly I ran through the Flame, and getting up Stairs, luckily found a Bar of Iron, with which I broke a Hole through the Wall; then ſnatching her up in my Arms, I carried her through that Hole, which the Fire had not yet reach'd, and gave her into her Father's Arms. The Fright, the Noiſe, and Fear they were in, would not permit them to take notice of me; and I remembring her Woman was left behind, went to venture a ſecond time, but met *Roderigo* bringing her through the ſame Hole, who fearful of the Flames, had got a Lad-

der, by which he got into the Balcony to help off *Donna Maria*'s Woman; and seeing that my help was no further needed, went away about my Occasions, not to be troublesome at such a busie time. But *Don Roderigo* carried the Woman where her Lady was, and just come to her self, for the Smoak and Fright put her into a Swoon, in which Condition I took her, carried her to her Father, and left her: She seeing him doing that good Office to her Woman, supposed it was him that had done the same for her; and truly with the Noise and Fright, her Friends took not so much Notice as to be able to do me Justice; so that in Recompence of his saving her Life, (as she suppos'd) She with her Friends Vow'd to be his; He with a feigned Modesty, said, That he truly had done nothing for their Service, at least, it was so little, as did not deserve Thanks from her Mouth, much less so great a Blessing as Her self;

but it was too great a Good to be refuſed, and that he now truſted to her Word.

The next Day it was all about the Town that *Don Roderigo* had ventur'd through the Fire, and reſcued *Donna Maria*: This was every bodies ſtory which did not a little vex me. I affirm'd the Action to be mine, and that he ly'd who ſaid the contrary. *Don Roderigo* ſaid, Yes it was I did it; but that with ſuch a falſe Smile, ſuch a feigned Diſſimulation, and with ſuch Equivocating words, that he own'd the Action more in his Denial than I in all my Affirmatives; but what did comfort me, was, I had a Witneſs in my Pocket, that though it was Inanimate, with *Donna Maria* I was ſure would confute my Rival. Sir, it was a Ring I took off her Finger as I carried her out of the Fire; and therefore to do my ſelf Juſtice, I went to give her Father a Viſit, who now were all in *Donna Liſarda*'s Houſe; and deſiring to ſee

Donna

Donna Maria, and telling her the Truth, the Ring gave it Credit, with the Promiſe to me ſhe had given to *Roderigo*; the ſtory now was turn'd, and it was made known throughout the Town, how falſly *Don Roderigo* claimed the Honour of that Action; ſo that through ſhame he was fain to leave the Town, and retire to a Seat he has in the Country where he ſtill continues.

Having thus ended his Story, *Don Ricardo* being deſirous to ſee his *Liſarda*, they went together, but the Joy *Liſarda* had at the ſight of *Ricardo*, cannot be expreſt, no more than his at the ſight of her. But to be ſhort with you, and to make an end; both his Marriage with *Liſarda*, and his Couſins with *Donna Maria* were concluded, and to be Celebrated both the Sunday following; On the Day before the Marriage, *Don Enrique* and *Don Federico*, with their Ladies Arrived, ſo that they

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